

MAC-DERMOT;

13

Eng. Poetry vol 22

OR, THE

Irish FORTUNE-Hunter.

A

P O E M.

In Six CANTO's.

By the AUTHOR of the *Art of Dress*.

———*Virtutibus obstat*
Res angusta domi ———

L O N D O N:

Printed for E. CURLL, in *Fleetstreet*. 1719.

[Price 1s.]

MACE-DE-R-MOT.

OF THE

REPORTING-Hunter

P O E M.

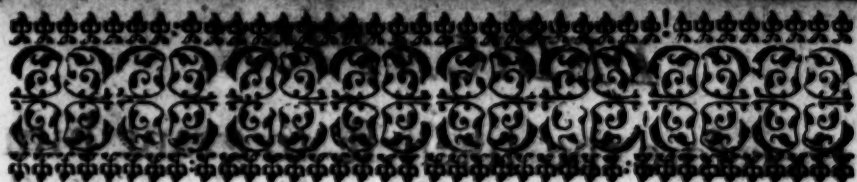
IN THE



For sale at the

Printed for E. C. ...

[]



TO THE
FORTUNE-Hunters, &c.

GENTLEMEN,

 AC-DERMOT is oblig'd to
make an early Interest a-
mong You, who are a Bo-
dy consisting, for the most
part, of his own Countrymen, and

DEDICATION.

therefore the likeliest to grant him your generous Protection against the formidable Numbers of Criticks, who threaten him from all Quarters already. One attacks him for speaking good *English*, without a Mixture of the *Brogue*; a Second asks, Where are his *Bulls*? And a Third, upon reading his Despair in some parts of the Poem, swears a great Oath, that MAC is an Impostor, for it was never yet known, that one of that Country desponded.

His *Assurance* is the only Part of his Character, upon which he relies for passing Muster; and as there is not one Instance of MAC's being dash'd throughout the whole Poem, he hopes not to be taken for an Alien, especially there being some Incidents which must have occasion'd a

Blush

DEDICATION.

Blush upon any Cheek but a *True-born Irishman's*.

The Memoirs upon which the Author builds the following Poem, were found among some Papers belonging to one of MAC-DERMOT's own Kinsmen, who lodg'd up three Pair of Stairs in *Vinegar-Yard*, and one Morning left his Key under the Chamber Door, went out, and was never heard of since. Being written in *wild Irish*, they cost the Translator abundance of Pains; and the Original Manuscript is said to be now in the Hands of the Honourable Sir -----, descended from the same Royal Stem with our Hero.

I am credibly inform'd by good Hands, that the Rev. Dr. B- - - LY, who has had a Sight of it, is writing a Dissertation to prove, That
there

DEDICATION.

there never was such a Person as our MAC-DERMOT; that the Memoirs are spurious, and that a learned Correspondent of his in the County of Tipperary, had assured him, That the Male Line of the Monarchs of Munster had been extinct upwards of Four Hundred Years in the Person of TEAGUE O'DONALD, who dy'd without Issue; and that upon the strictest Survey of the Archives, and Records of that antient Kingdom, it did not appear to him, that any of the Daughters of that Illustrious House had ever been marry'd to the DERMOT's, who were of obscure Extraction, and whose Bearings were no where to be found in any of the Volumes of *Munstrian Heraldry*.

In

DEDICATION

In Justice to Mac, I thought fit to give publick Notice of this malicious Design of the aforesaid Doctor, to prevent his gaining any Credit among the *Literati*, who for want of such Warnings, have been too often impos'd upon by him.

You, Gentlemen, have so little idle Time upon your Hands, that I heartily wish I could have brought Mac's Adventures within a narrower Compass, tho' the Consideration of his being a Countryman, may incline some of you to peruse him quite through; but whatever you do, keep him from the sight of those wealthy Ladies you are now in pursuit of, lest the unfortunate Widow should deter them from putting you in Possession of their Charms, and draw away their Eyes from

from your *Backs* and *Supporters*, to
make room for the *Contemplation*
of your *Merit* and *Sense*.

I wish you that *Success* you de-
serve, and am,

GENTLEMEN,

Yours, &c.

ERRATA

Page 24. Line 6. for Brown's, read Brawn's.

Page 31. Read the second Line before the first.

MAC-DERMOT.

A

T A L E.

C A N T O I.

OF all the Youths, whom *Munster's* fruitful Soil
Feeds with *Potatoes*, and inures to Toil,
For Size, and Shape ; for Strength, with Beauty
MAC-DERMOT whilom was the most renown'd.
His ruddy Cheeks were dy'd with Nature's Paint,
And his broad Shoulders well might tempt a Saint ;

†

B

His

His Person was erect, and firmly knit,
 And his Assurance far excell'd his Wit ;
 Like him none wrestled, box'd, or pitch'd the Bar,
 Or with fierce *Isgrim* wag'd successful War ;
 None knew, like him, o'er quaking Bogs to tread,
 Or sing melodious Dirges o'er the dead.

For these rare Talents, and a Thousand more,
 MAC round his Hutt had Concubines in store,
 And after Toil, when Love unbent his Mind,
 No Maid was cruel, and no Wife unkind.

Full Twenty Winters now the Youth had seen,
 And won the glorious Prize on many a Green ;
 His narrow Cabin was with Trophies hung,
 And to MAC's Praise the neighbouring Harps were
 Yet maugre his good Mien, his graceful Air, ^{[strung :}
 His Conquests o'er the Swains, and rustic Fair ;

Each

Each Night he duly milk'd his Father's Cow,
And handled ev'ry Morn th' ignoble Plough,

MAC thought it hard; for of his goodly Frame,
Now conscious grown, he panted after Fame;
And rag'd to see such precious blooming Years,
Consum'd in Peasant Toils, and Rural Cares,

Why, (would he often to himself repeat)
Wants there but Wealth to make my Charms com-
Ah! why should Fortune such a Niggard be, ^{[plete?}
Where Nature of her Gifts has been so free?
What are these Brogues, this Jerkin made of Frize,
And these coarse Trowzers but a vile Disguise?
And must I pass my Days (Oh cruel Fate!),
In Fields and Bogs, nor know a happier State?
Perhaps the Heirefs of some Cottage Wed,
(Tho' form'd to revel in a Lady's Bed ;)

Some Boor's coarse Off-spring in a Ruffet Gown,
 By whom our Name must be transmitted down,
 Better MAC-DERMOT had been never born,
 Or shap'd for digging Land, or thrashing Corn,
 With no fine Harmony of Limbs endu'd,
 His Soul as grov'ling, as his Person rude,
 I then might be fit Company for Clowns,
 Nor envy Youths who dwell in spacious Towns.

In private thus, the poor ill fated Hind
 Full oft complain'd, and eas'd his troubled Mind;
 But durst not utter in his Father's Ear,
 The mournful Accents, nor express his Care;
 For he (good Man) around his Shoulders wore
 A Rug, like all his Ancestors before;
 From his small Farm a daily Profit sought,
 And never had a more ambitious Thought.

It happen'd on a Day, with Horn and Hounds,
 A Baron gallop'd thro' MAC-DERMOT's Grounds,
 Well hors'd; pursuing o'er the dusty Plain
 A Wolf, that fought the neighb'ring Woods to gain;
 MAC hears th'Alarm, and with his Oaken Spear,
 Joins in the Chace, and runs before the Peer;
 Outstrips the Huntsmen, Dogs, and panting Steeds,
 And struck by him the falling Savage bleeds.
 The Baron saw with Wonder and Surprize,
 The sudden Blow, and scarce believ'd his Eyes;
 Then stopping short, survey'd the Swain all o'er,
 Lik'd much his Prowess, but his Person more.
 Whoe'er thou art (undaunted Youth) said he,
 Ill does that Habit with thy Form agree:
 Cast off thy Brogues, forsake thy Father's Hutt,
 And in a pompous Liv'ry learn to strut;

Behind my Table thou shalt hold a Plate,
 Or loll behind my gilded Coach in State;
 Fare as my self, and in a Palace dwell,
 Then follow me, and bid thy Flock farewell;
 The ravish'd Youth delay'd not to comply;
 Some Authors hold he blush'd, but most deny;
 To his new Patron he submissive bow'd,
 Nor once look'd back, but mingled with the Crowd.

MAC-DERMOT now augments the Baron's Train,
 And scarce remembers he was once a Swain;
 With Rapture tries the Party-colour'd Clothes,
 And (Things unknown before) a Shirt and Hose;
 His Shoulder with a dangling Knot is grac'd,
 His Neckcloth's roll'd, his Hat with Copper lac'd.

In vain his Father, and his Friends employ
 All Arts to wheedle back their own *dear Joy*;
 Nor Friends nor Father he vouchsafes to hear,
 Nor can his *Cow* extort a single Tear;
 His melancholy *Cow* which lonesome stands,
 No longer milk'd by her *MAC-DERMOT's* Hands;
 In-vain each reasoning Peasant states the Case,
 He scorns their Counsel, and disowns his Race.

So have I seen a tender, beauteous Maid
 Charm'd by some shining Brother of the Blade,
 Impatient of the Joy she hopes to taste,
 From Friend's elop'd, in Hack to *Knights-bridge* haste:
 The Virgin mis'd, away her Parents run,
 And find their Darling yet but half undone;

From

From *Statutes*, and from *Laws*, in vain they plead,
 That un-enjoy'd, the Nymph may yet be freed ;
 In vain they strive her plighted Vows to break,
 She posts a way to Bed, and hugs her lovely Rake.



M A C.

M A C - D E R M O T.

C A N T O II.

TWice now the circling Months their Course had
And ev'ry *Sign* had twice receiv'd the Sun, ^{[run,}
Since the glad Youth first thank'd his gentler Fate;
And wore the Badges of his servile State;
Yet Happy as he was, Gay, Spruce, and Clean,
He sometimes had his Intervals of Spleen;
For ah! what mortal State is free from Woe!
And Spleen torments the Footman as the Beau.

The Noble Peer to Choler was inclin'd,
Nor was his Beauteous Spouse of gentler Kind;

Great People have their Plagues, and so had they,
 My Lord was dunn'd, my Lady lost at play ;
 Then ev'ry Thing displeas'd th' Illustrious Pair,
 Domestick War, and Clamour fill'd the Air,
 Bottles were flung, and Glasses went to rack,
 And the dread Cane bruis'd many a sturdy Back.

This gall'd the Youth, who sometimes bore a Part
 In his Friends Woes, and felt his Shoulders smart,
 Who read upon his Skin of Silver hue
 His frequent Suff'rings writ in Black and Blue.
 And am I, am I, thus deceiv'd, he cry'd,
 Are these, ye Gods, the sad Rewards of Pride?
 Far better that my Brogues I still had worn,
 Than wearing Shoes have had such cause to mourn.

One Night as in his Bed he musing lay,
 With Thoughts like these, oppress'd, and wish'd for
[Day,
He

He saw a Form, (or dream'd perhaps, he saw,)
 Which struck his Soul with Terror and with Awe;
 (But whether by the Moon's, or Taper's Light,
 Uncertain Authors have not settled right;)

It seem'd, as tow'rd's his truckle Bed it drew,
 A Kindred Fantom, and a Shade he knew;
 With a Grey length of Beard, and rudely clad
 In a large Mantle of *Hibernian* Plad.

MAC summon'd Thrice his Courage to his Aid,
 And Thrice beneath his Rug he sunk dismay'd;
 At last with Boldness on his Arm reclin'd,
 The Sprite he challeng'd, and compos'd his Mind:
 When thus the Ghost; — dejected Youth, in me
 (Nor hast thou sure forgot) thy Grandfire see;
 Thy Grandfire, FOYGAR, once of great Renown,
 On *Munster's* Plains a memorable Clown,
 Like whom was none when young; so strong, so
 Or fam'd for Wisdom, and for Wealth when old. ^{[bold,}

Rais'd from the silent Grave to ease thy Pain,
 With PLUTO's Leave I visit Earth again;
 For mortal Groans are not unheard below,
 And Shades themselves are touch'd with human Woe.

Rashly, vain Youth, too rashly didst thou fly
 Thy Father's Hutt, and with thy Pride comply,
 To wear a tawdry Coat, and strut in Lace;
 The first ambitious Peasant of thy Race.
 Had Freedom then with thee such little Weight,
 That thou shouldst sell her at so cheap a Rate?
 On great Mens Offals chusing to be fed,
 When thou couldst eat thy own *Potatoe Bread*.
 But since what's pass'd can be recall'd no more,
 Pack up thy Awls, and fly th' *Hibernian* Shore;
 St. GEORGE's Channel crost, my Grandson dear,
 Thy Way-ward Course to *London City* steer;

For there (tis written in the Book of Fate)
 A Time will come when thou shalt *live in State*,
 Th'untasted Sweets of luscious Plenty know,
 And quite forget all Cause of former Woe;
 I would say more, but *Cocks* begin to crow.

These Words pronounc'd, th'unbody'd Vision left
 The sweating Hind, of Sense and Speech bereft;
 He sat agast, and upright stood his Hair,
 His haggard Eyes persu'd the fleeting Air;
 So look'd the *Chief* who freed ungrateful *Rome*,
 When CÆSAR'S Spirit had foretold his Doom;
 And such have I beheld the Princely *Dane*,
 When HAMLET'S Ghost sinks down in *Drury-Lane*.

And art thou gone? at last MAC-DERMOT cry'd,
 And to thy Grandson is one Hug deny'd?

The *Boyne* shall sooner mingle with the *Tweed*,
 And *Toads* and *Snakes* in *Irish* Fens shall breed;
 Sooner shall *TEAGUES* o'er Bogs forget their Way,
 And cease to Honour good St. *PATRICK*'s Day,
 Than from this Mind, O! venerable Shade,
 Th' Impression be eras'd thy Words have made.

Well, 'tis resolv'd my Country I'll forsake,
 And to *LUD*'s famous Town a Ramble take;
 'Tis nothing strange for Heroes far to roam,
 And seek new Mansions, when distress'd at home;
 For in past Ages, if we credit Fame,
 Flying from hence, great *FERGUS* did the same;
FERGUS, from whom, as antient Bards have sung,
 Of *Scottish* Kings the long Succession sprung:
 He said, and thrice he shook himself, then rose
 Big with his Fate, and huddled on his Clothes;

Then

Then stealing to'ards the Window from his Nest,
 Look'd at the Clouds, and saw the Wind was *West*;
 He saw, and wish'd he now was under Sail,
 E'er ÆOLUS recall'd the friendly Gale,
 And soon determin'd while it yet was Night,
 To leave the hated Roof, and take his flight.

MORPHEUS mean while throughout the Castle
 And binds each mortal in his leaden Chains;
 From the great Baron to the meanest Groom
 No Creature stirs; and hush'd is all the Dome;
 Th' Adventrous Youth who thought th' Occasion
 Stole his Lord's Clothes, and left his own behind,
 Then made no Scruple flily to purloin,
 Casters and Spoons, convertible to Coin:
 In his small Waller these he safely stow'd,
 With some choice Fragments useful on the Road.

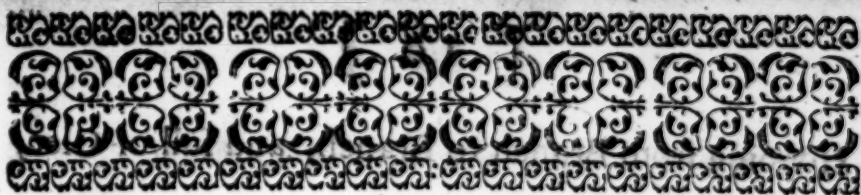
Then

Then out he fally'd at the Postern Door,
 And with due Speed made to'ards the distant Shoar;
 Nor Bog nor Mountain could his Flight retard,
 Fear was his Spur, St. PATRICK was his Guard:

O THOU † who whilom didst from *London* ride
 To that fam'd * Town which ISCA's Waves divide;
 On thy proud Steed, inspir'd with sacred Rage,
 In deathless Rhymes describing ev'ry Stage;
 Thine be the Task, in the same lofty Strain,
 To bring MAC-DERMOT o'er St. GEORGE's Main;
 To tell th' Adventures of his tedious *Route*,
 And how from *Holy Head* he trudg'd on foot;
 My Muse his Wilhes with Success to crown,
 Concludes his Toil, and fixes him in Town:

† Mr. JOHN GAY.

* *Exeter.*



MAC-DERMOT.

CANTO III.

HAIL Queen of Cities, hail thou other *Troy*,
Seat of the Graces, and th' *Idalian* Boy,
Where Mirth, and Love, their endless Empires hold,
Aw'd by no Power, and by no Law controul'd;
I see the Youth, his tedious Travels past,
Within thy glorious Verge arriv'd at last.

As when some Songster of the Feather'd Kind,
From Prison freed, where long he liv'd confin'd,
On feeble Wings has reach'd a Wood remote,
With Joy he almost rends his little Throat;

Hopping from Branch to Branch, and full of Glee,
 He roves at Will, and visits ev'ry Tree ;
 So pleas'd was MAC, as thro' the Town he stray'd,
 And the fine Fabricks, and the Folks survey'd ;
 Now here, now there, his curious Eyes he rolls,
 Gapes at the MONUMENT, and stares at PAUL's ;
 But nothing so delights his ravish'd Mind,
 As the fair Wonders of the Female Kind ;
 A Thousand beauteous Nymphs he daily sees,
 A Thousand Angel Forms of all Degrees ;
 A *Dutchess* there in all her Pride he meets,
 And here a common *Drab*, that walks the Streets ;
 Allur'd by ev'ry charming Face, and Shape,
 For *Velvet* now he burns, and now for *Crape* :
 But each fair Object fills his Heart with Woe,
 For ah ! he finds his Pence sunk wondrous low ;
 His Purse exhausted, and his Threadbare Clothes,
 Controul his Passion, and his Flames oppose.

In vain, the susceptible Sex to warm,
 In publick he displays his Manly Form;
 His brawny Shoulders, his Athletick Make,
 And well knit Sinews which no Toil can break;
 In vain! unmindful, CHLOE passes by,
 Nor CELIA deigns his Way to cast her Eye:
 What should he do? thus slighted by the Fair;
 MAC rag'd and swore; 'twould make a Parson
 [Swear.

Now round the Park he strols the live-long Day,
 Sad as a Gamester that's undone by Play;
 Nor till late Night repairs to Garret high,
 Nearer than *Grubstreet*-Poet's to the Sky.

One Ev'ning as he took his usual Tour,
 Mutt'ring at Fortune, and exceeding poor,
 A good old Trot, that chanc'd the Youth to spy,
 Survey'd his Person with a wistful Eye.

Six Times at least had she seen Winters Ten,
 And from her Youth great Judgment had in Men;
 His Face and Stature fill'd her with delight,
 But his firm Calves, and Fillets charm'd her quite;
 For well she knew such Vigour to employ,
 Tho' past her self, long since, the luscious Joy:
 No Time she lost, but made up tow'ards the Swain,
 And with such Words as these asswag'd his Pain.

Hail lovely *Irishman*, if right I guess,
 Thy Features, Air, and Shape, that Land confess;
 They all proclaim thee of *Hibernian* Race;
 Thy Back how strong! how brazen is thy Face!
 Long have I seen Thee musing here alone,
 Observ'd thy down-cast Look, and heard Thee Groan;
 Vile is thy Habit, and uncomb'd thy Locks,
 And Sighs from one so form'd might soften Rocks.

My Name is WYBURN, from all Parts repair,
 To my fam'd Roof the discontented Fair;
 Rich City Wives, and some not far from Court,
 Who loath their Husbands, and who love the Sport;
 Brides match'd with Impotence, that want an Heir,
 And Nymphs that fear to let their Joys take Air;
 Numbers of these I succour ev'ry Day,
 Who keep their able Stallions well in Pay;
 If then, thou dar'st be my adopted Son,
 And in that Crowd of happy Youths make one,
 In *Drury-Lane*, before the Clock strikes Eight,
 Find out this Night, my Hospitable Gate;
 There, if thou answer'st Expectation well,
 (As by some sure Prognosticks I foretel)
 The Pow'rs of Love with Fortune shall combine,
 To make a rich young Widow's Jointure thine.

The Matron said, th' astonish'd Youth replies,
 With grateful Transport in his ardent Eyes;
 O best, and kindest, of thy Female Race,
 The Terms thou proffer'st I with Joy embrace:
 Nor, should you search the Town and Suburbs round,
 Can there a Youth like me for Am'rous Feats be found.
 But ah! shall MAC (and here he dropt a Tear)
 Before the Fair in such vile Weeds appear?
 Or boldly dare, a poor unpolish'd Swain,
 With his rude Touch their sacred Charms profane?
 The Matron smil'd; and of the purest Gold,
 From leathern Purse Ten shining Pieces told;
 Take this, *said she*, 'twill serve my gentle TEAGUE,
 To rig thy Person for this Nights Intrigue;
 Remember at th' appointed Time to come,
 And thou shalt have, perhaps, ten times the Sum.

She spoke these Words, and sudden took her leave,
 Pleas'd like her *Sire* when he had tempted *Eve*;
MAC stood surpriz'd; and tho' bereft of Speech,
 With Eyes persu'd her, far as Eyes could reach;
 He look'd, and various Doubts his Mind assail'd,
 Till she quite vanish'd, and his Optics fail'd;
 For he had heard old Wives of *Munster* say,
 That Fiends assuming Forms of mortal Clay,
 Full often range the Globe, and hunt about for Prey.

And now, his Joy unable to contain,
 He cut three Capers on the gravell'd Plain,
 And cry'd, farewell all Thoughts of Troubles pass'd;
 Of Fortune's Frowns I now have seen the last;
 Farewell ye lonesome Trees, ye *Swans*, ye *Ducks*,
 And *Thou* proud Palace of his Grace of *Bucks*;
 Objects on which I us'd to feast my Eye,
 Whilst Need oppress'd, and Famine wore me dry.

No more at Dinner-Time I'll range the *Mall*,
 Or tread the Margin of yon smooth Canal;
 Nor from the Rising, to the Setting Sun,
 Among Duke HUMPHRY's famili'd Guests make one;
 No more. — Henceforth I make Three Meals a Day,
 And to PONTACK's or BROWN's shall find the way.
 So spoke the joyful Youth, and swift he flew,
 To purchase Clothes, but not to purchase New;
 For who of all the Vermin-killing Race
 Could rig MAC-DERMOT in so short a space?

A Street there is, through *Britain's* Isle renown'd,
 (Not far from *Holbourn*, and *St. Giles's* Pound,)
 To which unhappy MONMOUTH gave his Name,
 The Darling once of Victory and Fame;
 Ten Thousand Habits here attract the Eyes,
 And Clothes of ev'ry Colour, Sort, and Size,

The Rags of Peasants, and the Spoils of Beaus;

Mix'd with *Hoop-Petticoats*, and *Furbeloes*;

Here DAMON's Birth-Night Suit, to view display'd;

Fills with new Grief the Taylor, yet unpay'd;

There CHLOE's Mantua hangs, of Winds the Sport;

In which ten Winters since, she grac'd the Court.

Here on one Hook I oftentimes have seen,

The Warrior's *Scarlet*, and the Footman's *Green*;

And near a broken Gamester's old *Roqu'laure*,

The tatter'd Pawn of some ill fated Whore;

Hats, Hoods, and Searves, (sad Arguments of Woe)

With *Nithsdale's* and *Beau'roy's*, make up the Show.

So, if great Things may be compar'd with small,

Th' impartial Hand of Fate which mows down all,

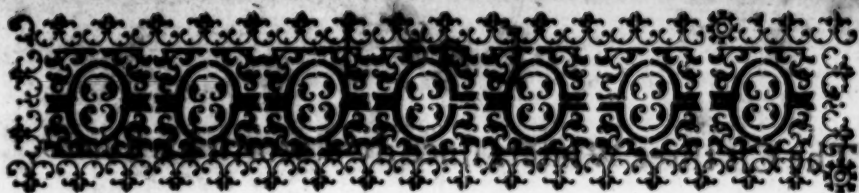
Confounds alike, in one promiscuous Grave,

The Poor, the Rich, the Coward, and the Brave.

A while, my Muse, O leave **MAC-DERMOT** there,
 Each *Brokers* Wardrobe to survey with Care;
 To cast his vile, disgraceful Weeds away,
 And quite new-vamp his Tenement of Clay;
 And till thy Heroe be compleatly dress'd,
 Lay by th' o'er labour'd Harp, and take thy rest.



MAC



MAC-DERMOT.

CANTO IV.

AMong the beauteous Nymphs of all Degrees,
Who at the Beldam's sought their Pains to ease;
And to the well known Haunt repair'd unseen,
To drink their Bottle, and divert the Spleen;
A buxom, black Ey'd Widow bore the Bell,
Whose Name was ROSALINE, as Authors tell.

A rich old Dotard had enjoy'd her Bloom,
Who now, she thank'd her Stars, was in his Tomb;
Of City kind, more opulent than wife,
And from a Hundred Rivals bore the Prize;

The Cit three Winters since dy'd worth his Plumb,
And left her little less than half the Sum.

With Coach and Six this Widow liv'd in State,
Had store of Jewels, Tallies, Bills, and Plate;
Much in the Bank, and much in South-Sea-Stock,
Nor Chick, nor Child; but one poor darling Shock.

Sometime had she frequented this Abode,
Yet in her Eyes unfated Passion glow'd;
And tho' she long'd to be once more a Bride,
Resolv'd to venture on no Youth untry'd.

To gratify this Nymph, if Tales say true,
The famous WYBURN often lay perdue,
And rang'd all Corners of the Town to find,
Sound, wholesome Youths, well limb'd, and bravely
chin'd;

By Nature form'd to dig in Beauties Mine,
 And such alone she brought to ROSALINE.

But ah! what HERCULES could fate the Dame?
 Or cool with Draughts of Love so fierce a Flame?
 The wonted Fever in her Blood remain'd,
 And of th' enervate Sex the Fair complain'd.

To her the Bawd the joyful News imparts,
 Of her late Conquest, and successful Arts;
 And on the Wings of Love she bids her haste,
 To glut her Senses with the rich repast.

The Tidings heard, impatient of delay,
 The Widow mounts in Hack, and posts away;
 So great her Speed, her Wishes were so strong,
 The sluggish Horses seem'd to creep along.

Nor less impatient, flew th' *Hibernian* Beauty
 (For the kind Broker now had made him so;)
 He flew, and knock'd at th' Hospitable Door,
 The Nymph and Matron were got in before.

What Muse? what Painter can the Raptures draw,
 Which seiz'd the Fair when her new Slave she saw?
 When the dear Youth she greedily survey'd,
 So well proportion'd, and so strongly made;
 He, from his Birth, a Stranger was to Shame,
 And met her Transports with an equal Flame;
 The conscious Bawd her useless Presence knew,
 Submissive drop'd her Curtsey, and withdrew.

Now thy soft Rites, great Vows, are begun,
 And twelve delicious Hours too swiftly run,

And begs of Jove to lengthen out the Night:
 The fair One trembles at th' approach of Light,
 So well the *Munstrian* Hero play'd his Part,
 She freely gave him up her conquer'd Heart;
 Amaz'd to find, he call'd for no Recruits
 Of strength'ning Jellies, nor *Eringo* Roots.

Have I then found, (*she cry'd*) O lovely Swain!
 Those Nerves, at last, I fought so long in vain;
 And art thou only of all Human Race,
 Endu'd with Strength to meet my fierce Embrace?
 Since first in genial Wars I try'd my Skill,
 Oft as I fought, I prov'd the Conqu'ror still;
 But thou, triumphant Youth, hast made me yield,
 And fairly quit the long contested Field.

The glad *Hibernian* with a Victor's Pride,
 Heard his fair Patroness, and thus reply'd:

Dear

Dear Nymph, for half the Raptures I have known,
 What Monarch would not quit the brightest Throne?
 In these soft Arms one blissful Night to lye,
 What Shape would Jove not condescend to try? A
 O! Blush not, fairest ROSALINE, to be,
 In this Night's conflict thus out-done by me;
 Nor think such Vigour strange in one so young,
 For know, from Giant Race, the MACs are sprung,
Hibernian Heroes, fam'd before the Flood,
 Transmitted to these Veins their antient Blood;
 Who in past Ages MÜNSTER'S Scepter sway'd,
 And on their Shields the Golden Harp display'd.
 Were I the Story of our Woes to tell,
 And how the mighty Name of DERMOT fell;
 How my great Ancestors were forc'd from Home,
 To dwell in Cabins, and on Bogs to roam;

What fruitful Fields my hapless Fathers lost,
 And Castles labour'd up with Princely Cost ;
 The God of Day would to the Main descend,
 Before the tedious, dismal Tale would end ;
 Thy Swain would quite forget his blissful State,
 And, maugre all these Charms, repine at Fate.

MAC-DERMOT said ; and just as he gave o'er,
 Th' impatient Bawd unlock'd the Chamber Door ;
 Behind, two brawny Amazons attend,
 And with a luscious Load their Shoulders bend,
 Rich Soups, of Crayfish and Pistachoes made,
 And Wines, that keep up Nature undecay'd.

To the glad Beldam, now the Fair repeats,
 Her Lover's Prowess, and Nocturnal Feats ;
 What Shocks he gave, and what Assaults she bore ;
 And once again fights all their Battles o'er.

Mean while the sumptuous Feast new Strength im-
And CUPID whets afresh his pointless Darts;

A second Time the cunning Crone withdrew,

A second Time the Conflict they renew:

Weary'd at length, and sated with the Bliss,

The Lovers dress, and take a parting Kiss;

They part; but first, their Transports to repeat,

E'er ten long Hours were told, agreed to meet,

Soon as th' unwelcome Sun should end his Race,

And Night drive on her sable Steeds apace.

Now upward, smiling, flew the Cyprian Boy,

And told above how MAC was form'd for Joy;

With Spleen each Goddess heard the wondrous Tale,

And ev'ry fair Celestial Cheek grew pale;

Great JUNO scorns her Ruler of the Sky,

And VENUS vows in *Drury-Lane* to ply.

MAC-DERMOT

CANTO V.

ALAS! how strangely various in their Sway,
With human Things the Fates delight to play!
How soon their swift Vicissitudes we try,
This Hour deprest, the next are rais'd on high!
For, lo! the Youth, who Life a Burthen thought,
And lately was not worth a single Groat;
Is now inroll'd among the Gay and Bright,
And humble Bankers pay his Bills at sight.

Fair Plenty's choicest Sweets MAC-DERMOT
[knows,
He feeds with Epicures, and herds with Beaus;

Frequents the Ring, the Theatres, the Court,
 And scorns to wet his Lips with vulgar-Port ;
 In equal Vogue with G——E himself he grows,
 Nor wears Beau B——T more embroider'd Clothes.

He daily Dines with Lords he never saw,
 And keeps the Bullies of the Banks in Awe ;
 Of distant Palaces, and Castles boasts,
 And brags of Favours he receives from Toasts :
 Blue-Ribbons from his Box plain *Spanish* take,
 And Dutchessees to him their Silence break.

On MAC the giddy Rout with wonder stares,
 In his gilt Chariot drawn by *Flanders* Mares ;
 Three Lacqueys loll behind the gay Machine ;
 On either Side his Arms and Crest are seen ;
 (Those Arms and Crest, which Herald-Books can
 [show,
 The DERMOTS gave two Thousand Years ago ;)

At WILL's, and WHITE's, he saunters half the Day,
And duly fees an ACT of ev'ry Play.

From unexhausted Stores, the bounteous Dame
Supplies her Charmer, and applauds her Flame;
An hundred Suitors, she for MAC disdains,
And flights adoring Crowds in Furrs and Chains;
Makes frugal Knights, and Aldermen despair,
And scatters mortal Darts quite round the *Chair*.

Mean while the spiteful Tale is blaz'd Abroad,
(For when did Rumour spare a Whore or Bawd?)
How the rich Widow, to her soft Embrace,
Had charm'd a Hero of *Hibernian* Race;
How oft they met, and at what Game they play'd,
How well the Youth perform'd, the Matron pay'd:
From Mouth to Mouth, the Tale is quickly blown,
And to no Corner of the Town unknown;

The

The Fair (an envious Crowd) both young and old,
 With secret Pleasure hear the Story told;
 With added Scandal they divulge her Shame,
 And censure o'er their Tea th' unwary Dame;
 Coquets, and Harlots laugh at her Expence,
 And to the Prudes her Conduct gives Offence.

Her Snitors, now, their happy Rival know,
 Rage fills their Souls; their Eyes with Anger glow;
 These vow Revenge; o'er Steams of Coffee, Those
 Lament their Fate at GARRAWAY's and JOE's;
 They see, unmov'd, the South-Seas rise and fall,
 And reap no Profit from the Bank at all;
 Rich Misers, by her Scorn, are half undone,
 And Plumbs forget to meet on 'Change at One.

Mean while, the Widow, with Despair and Shame,
 Hears the sad Tidings of her blasted Fame;

By all forsaken, she bemoans her Fate,

And weeps to see her unfrequented Gate;

The Belles no more the formal Visit pay,

Nor smiling, drop their Curtsie at the Play;

Consum'd in vain her waxen Tapers die,

And useless Cards upon her Tables lye:

She hears lewd Whispers wherefoe'er she goes,

The Scorn of Beauties, and the Jest of Beaus;

The Fair that meet her turn their Heads aside,

And every Nymph she visits is deny'd.

The weight of so much Woe she could not bear,

Her Cries and Groans, incessant, rend the Air;

The Cause explor'd, of all the World's disdain,

Her Sorrow to suppress, she strives in vain;

In vain are Cordial Drams, and Spirits try'd,

And to her Nostrils Chymick Salts apply'd:

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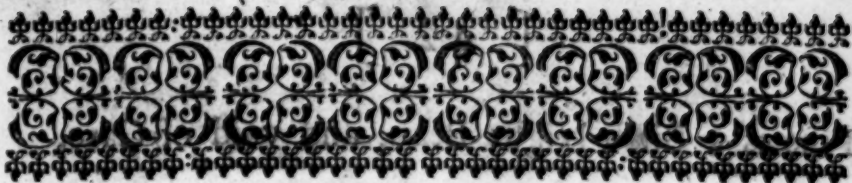
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 And to her Nostrils Chymick Salts apply'd:

Triumphant Spleen her lovely Form invades,
 Her Pulse beats slower, and her Colour fades;
 With various racking Thoughts her Soul is rent,
 And the big Passion labours for a vent.

Such have I seen (when Death has shook his Dart
 O'er the dear Lap-Dog, SILVIA's better Part)
 The beauteous Nymph abandon'd to Despair,
 Her Eyes all blubber'd, and all loose her Hair;
 All Arts her Maids, to save her Darling, try;
 Her Men for Surgeons, and for Doctors fly;
 For SILVIA's Thread, and SHOCK's are wove in one,
 And if the Puppy Dies, the Nymph's Undone.





MAC-DERMOT.

CANTO VI.

NEAR that proud Fabrick, fam'd for painted
For Trap-Doors, Chariots, Dragons, and Ma-
Where squeaking Eunuchs thrill th' *Italian* Song,
And HEYDEKER invites the motley Throng ;
There stands a Dome, to Gamesters known full well,
Where Heirs are taught to Mortgage and to Sell ;
Above, on Tables Heaps of Gold are pil'd,
By which unwary Mortals are beguil'd ;
Below, a Matron, far advanc'd in Years,
To the fair Crowd retails her brittle Wares.
'Twas here MAC-DERMOT pass'd his Time at play,
Among the Youths who Fortune's Power obey,

Fine as a Birth-Night Beau, and void of Care,
 When first the Nymph's Disorder reach'd his Ear;
 He could not hide his Pain, he chang'd, he shook,
 And from his trembling Hand let fall the Book*;
 His Gold in haste put up, he left his Chair,
 And flew, impatient, to relieve the Fair.

Extended on her Couch, in loose Array,
 With Looks confus'd his weeping Mistress lay;
 And when her dear expected Swain she saw,
 She gave her Maids the Signal to withdraw.

Thou loveliest, dearest of thy Sex, she cry'd,
 Whom bounteous Nature form'd with all her Pride,
 In whom a Thousand blended Charms unite;
 Soft to the Touch, and lovely to the Sight,

* The Cards given to the Punter's at the Game of Pharoah

O! lend thy wretched Patroness an Ear,
 And ease a Heart that's breaking with Despair!
 If I, unknowing to conceal my Flame,
 To raise thy Fortune have undone my Fame;
 Have slighted Citizens of high Degree,
 Rich Knights, and Aldermen of Wards for Thee;
 If this embroider'd Suit, this *Flanders* Lace,
 This flaxen Wig, whose Tye sets off thy Face,
 These sparkling Stones which on thy Finger shine,
 And that proud Equipage, are Gifts of mine;
 Retrieve my Credit, and restore my Peace,
 And cause the Censure of the World to cease:
 Our Hands, this Instant, let the Parson joyn,
 And all my large Possessions shall be thine.
 Thus spoke the Nymph, nor fear'd to be deny'd,
 And thus, with Art, the wily Youth reply'd.

Thou best of Women, to whose Purse I owe
 This modish Splendor, and well fancy'd Shew,
 That I with Envy, as I pass, am seen,
 And give ten Thousand gazing Fops the Spleen;
 The Track of Love and Pleasure, (known to few)
 In spite of Scandal let us still pursue;
 That Passion's strongest which is unconstrain'd,
 And to doat long we never must be chain'd;
 Unlicens'd Love shall always burn the same;
 Right palls Possession, and puts out the Flame.

Let Fame, (that Hag, who picks up Truths and
 And spreads a Thousand Stories as she flies;
 [Lies,
 Whom all the wiser of your Sex disdain,)
 Not give my ROSALINE a Moment's pain;
 Does batter'd R—f—t shun the Face of Day,
 Or the fam'd She, whom H—f—d kept in Pay?

Does

Does youthful *K*——— cease Abroad to roam,
 Or aged *M*——— to see Gallants at Home?
 Then smooth that careful Brow, my angry Fair,
 And give the Winds thy Horror and Despair;
 Let me still be thus Lovely, Rich and Gay,
 And still this Back thy Bounty shall Repay;
 We'll Sport, and Revel all our Days and Nights,
 And laugh at Priests, and Matrimonial Rites.

The Nymph could hear no more, and rising, try'd
 To snatch the Weapon from her Traytor's Side;
 Her dire Intent the wary Youth foresaw,
 And held the Steel too fast for her to draw.
 Robb'd of Revenge, the disappointed Fair,
 Now look'd a Fury, and was all Despair;
 So storms the Lioness, who seeks in vain,
 Her new lost Whelps along some *Lybian* Plain;
 She foams, she roars, her Paws tear up the Ground,
 And distant *Atlas* ecchoes back the Sound.

Hence

Hence from my Sight, she cry'd, Ungrateful, fly,
 Hence perjur'd Villain, loathsom to my Eye;
 Enjoy that Breath I scorn to take, and be
 Once more forsaken by the Gods and me;
 Go, bid farewell to all thy borrow'd Pride,
 From this too lib'ral Hand no more supply'd;
 Lay down thy Equipage, discharge thy Train,
 And take thy Lodging near the Skies again;
 Before Cooks Shops suck in the grateful Steam,
 And furnish *Grubstreet* with a dismal Theme;
 Henceforth I sooner to my Bed will take,
 Some starving Poet, or some worn out Rake,
 Than give this Body to thy loath'd Embrace,
 Thou vilest, falsest of the Bogland Race.

She said, and crush'd beneath a Load of Woe,
 Sunk at the Feet of her ungrateful Beau;
 All pale, and speechless, in a Trance she fell,
 Alas! the Trance resembled Death too well!

fly, MAC thought her dead, and hasting to withdraw,
 Within his reach a curious Casket saw ;
 The Wealth of *Ormuz* and *Mogul* was there,
 White Rows of Pearl, and Brilliants passing fair ;
 Rich Buckles that were wont to deck her Stays,
 And Pendants, often seen at Balls and Plays ;
 A striking Watch, and Tweezers richly wrought ;
 Of MATHER these, and that of TOMPION bought ;
 A Thousand precious Toys, and Trinkets more,
 Enchanting Sight ! made up the shining Store.

The God of Sharpers, if Report say true,
 Before the Swain these strong Temptations threw ;
 Unknowing to resist, he snatch'd the Prey,
 Blest his kind Stars, and softly went his Way ;
 Through unsuspecting Crowds he bore the Prize,
 Nor once relenting, backward cast his Eyes.

Here, O my Muse ! thy tedious Song conclude,
 Nor tell what Clamour and what Rage ensu'd,

When from her Fit awak'd, the Nymph no more
Beheld her perjur'd Beau, nor precious Store.
Nor cross the Main the flying Youth pursue
For cross the Main, it's thought, MAC-DERMOT
But whither to the French, or Belgian Coast, ^{[flew;}
Or that warm Soil where strutting Natives roast;
Or his own Bogland, where Potato's grow,
My gentle Reader's not in pain to know.

To far more glorious Themes, fond Maid aspire,
And tune to nobler Strains the quiv'ring Lyre;
Inform the World what Motive led from far,
To the Seine's Banks the mighty Russian Czar;
How dreadful Eugene shakes his Roman Lance,
And Prelates War in Post-Boys and Courants.

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